

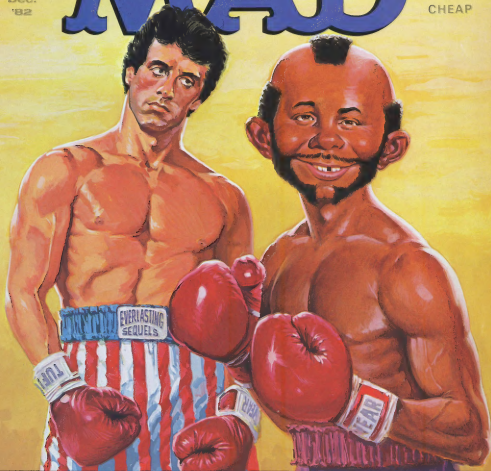
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550

No.
235
Dec.
'82

MAD

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LEFTOVER SLICED BALONEY
FROM ACTUAL FRONT COVER



We Jab...
ROCKY
III

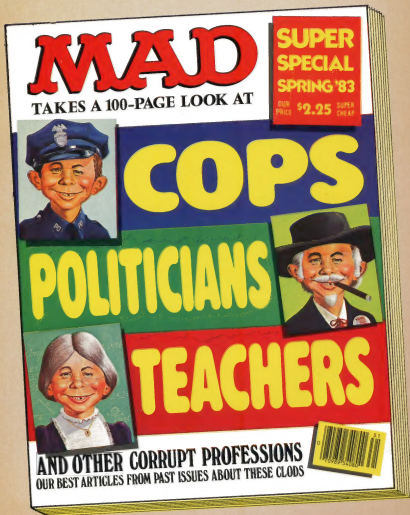
Punch Out...
CONAN THE
BARBARIAN

Belt...
SOME KIND
OF HERO

And K.O....
THE FACTS
OF LIFE

YOU'RE BEING RIPPED OFF

...BY EVERYBODY, INCLUDING THE YELLOW JOURNALISTS WHO BRING YOU THIS SCHMUCK-RAKING "SUPER SPECIAL" EXPOSE!



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MAD

"One reason it's so expensive to support the government these days is because so many people are holding it up!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JACK ALBERT lawsuits ANNE GRIFFITHS logistics

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE DEPARTMENT

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THE MOVIE BOMBED OUT AND QUICKLY DISAPPEARED—
BECAUSE WE HAD A PRYOR-COMMITMENT DEPARTMENT

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BELOW COST!

Yes, indeed. If you look closely below
what these full color portraits of
Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me
Worry?" kid (suitable for framing or
wrapping fish) will cost you... which
is: 60¢ for one, \$1.25 for 2, \$2.55
for 3, \$5.15 for 4 and \$10.35 for 8.
...you'll find the address where to
send this money... which is c/o MAD,
485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



A "TIMELESS" COVER

When I saw your MAD Pac-Man issue on
the newsstand, I had to wakka-wakka right
up and get one. Keep up the good work guys!

David Garner
Atlanta, GA

I was delighted to see the change in format
in MAD #233. It reminded me of the "old
days" when MAD has some of its first 23
issues disguised as racing-track forms, school
notebooks etc. I hope this trend continues, at
least from "Time" to "Time".

George G. Snowden III
Greenwich, CN

Smart move! The last time you didn't
feature Alfred E. Neuman on the cover was
MAD #161 (The Poseiden Adventure
cover), which sold better than usual.

Marlon Playman
Whittier, CA

Your September cover looked so Time-
like, the clerk at the newsstand almost
charged me Time's \$1.50 price! Are you guys
attempting to extort another \$04 out of your
readers!?

Edward Lee
Honolulu, HI

I have one question about Bob Clarke's
cover for issue #233. Why did you try to
make your magazine look like Time? You'll
never be as funny as they are!!

Jimmy Hall
Santa Maria, CA

In my opinion, your last issue showed
im-pac-able taste.

Charlie Cowan
Kingwood, TX

After all these years, you have finally lost
you "MIND" with the September issue!

Jack T. Hughes
Canyon, TX

WHERE'S ALFRED?!

Hey MAD! What is this? Where was
Alfred E. Neuman on the Sept. 1982 cover? I
mean really guys, Pac-man instead of good
old Alfie!! Shape up or ship out!

Bob Karwin
Acton, MA

I just received issue #233. Is Alfred E.
pacing it in?

Stephen Pence
Houston, TX

Similar letters of anger and/or concern over Mr.
Neuman's absence were received from: Shannon
Wendick, So. Milw. WI; Andrew Jenks, Alhambra
CA; Paul Charick, Cambridge MA; Patricia Todd,
Tusculum AL; Alan Hale, Bradwood IL; Scott
Wright, LaGrangeville NY; Melane Berger, New
York NY; Todd Boyle, Long Grove, IA; Marlene
Cook, Edmonds WA; Chris Ooks, Bellefontaine OH;
Stephen Cornea, Vestal NY; John Robertson, Chico
CA; Beth Cox, Port Neches TX; Chris Hour, Bethel
Park PA; Joe Hedlund, St. Charles IL; Kevin Heres,
Blair NB; Helen Lawler, New Providence NJ; Chris
Kane, Port Orange FL; Geza Bartanyi, Del Mar CA;
Dan Quis, Landonville PA; Dea Neutrade, Harold
Wilson, Adam Simonowicz, Somewhere USA.

"NOW STARRING"

The September issue of MAD Magazine has
become one of the most widely read
publications in our Washington and New
York offices because one panel (in "Now
Starring At The White House") has Senator
D'Amato wondering aloud to Senator
Moynihan just how many Commandments
are left after Reagan budget cuts. Having
grown up on MAD, it's great to see that it
continues to offer its very funny, and often,
very accurate view of life.

Gary Lewis
Director Of Communications
Sen. Alfonse M. D'Amato's Office
Washington, D.C.

"Ronald Reagan, Now Starring At The
White House" was really a nuclear bomb.
Someone
Somewhere, USA

I was extremely upset with your article
"Now Starring At The White House."
What's going on with you guys? Stay out of
political satire and pick on something we can
all laugh at, like Jane Fonda, The National
Enquirer and Ted Kennedy.

Alex Rodolakis
Worcester, MA

I've disagreed with some of your political
views before, but this time you've gone too
far! Slandering a great man like Herbert
Hoover in your newest issue, 18 years after
his death, STILL portraying him as a heart-
less reactionary during the Depression, is
absolutely unforgivable.

Theodore L. Snyder
(A Person who knows
his history!)
Buffalo, NY

More MAD E.S.P! A week before it
actually happened, MAD Magazine was in
the newsstands informing its readers of the
real reason why then Secretary of State
Alexander Haig was about to resign. Nice
work, guys! You even scooped Time!

Danny DiIorio
Stratton Island, NY



Exit Haig: More MAD E.S.P?

Similar jokes for MAD E.S.P. from: Kurt Leprich,
Brazley CA; Scott Peters, Marulan NJ; Chris Scia,
Auburn NY; Cynthia Zennaro, Pittsburgh PA; Scott
Deke, Newell WV; David Jevens, Eau Claire WI; Robert
Lambert, Phelps NY; Hoyt Glazer, Charleston WV;
Dante Mendelsohn, Rockville MD; Todd Mize,
Beverly Hills CA; Edward Lee, Honolulu HI; Simon
Weaver, North Elm MD; Darrell E. Byrne, Anzich
CA; Big Lutz, Elgin FL; Tom Nyström, Fort Collins
CO; Robert Norby, Columbus GA; Robert Santiago,
New York, NY; Mark Prince, Solara Beach CA;
Charles McGee, Lewis McGinnon, Eric Coetz, Some-
where USA.

In MAD #233 I found 30 Pac-Men eating your magazine. I bet when they finished they buried all over the place!

David Hercules
St. Louis, MO

In MAD #233 I counted 24 Pac-Men in all! Trouble was you had them eating just about everything but the price.

David Klein
Los Angeles, CA

If you think scattering 29 Pac-Men around the magazine was funny, then you must be MAD!

Robert Strauffer
New York, NY

How come you had 52 Pac-Men scattered throughout issue #235?

Danny Borash
Beverly Hills, CA

I counted 37 Pac-Men in all. I ask one question: why?

Scott Leonard
Plano, TX

PAC-MAN, CON'T

I demand a refund! I figure the total amount those Pac-Men in #235 ate, subtracted from the magazine's cover price, amounts to a 40¢ refund. If I don't receive it in 30 days, you'll hear from my attorneys.

Robert Brown
Milton, FL

I've always seen Pac-Man gobbling up those nice neat little dots. But in your recent issue you had Pac-Man eating the words right off the pages. I was glad to see that even Pac-Man eats junk food like the rest of us!

James R. Taylor
Shinglehouse, PA

NUCLEAR POWER

Concerning your "Six Minutes Looks At Nuclear Power", why didn't they hire Pac-Man to eat the nuclear waste?

Scott Santen
St. Louis, MO

INSANITY CLAWS

Enclosed is one more use for Live Lobsters.

Kevin Roberts
Newton, MA



A Live Lobster Attack:

Has Pac-Man Met His Match?

You missed the most appropriate use for a Live Lobster: Nose Holder, while reading MAD.

M.A. Shah
Sept-les, CANADA

A BOOK FULL OF GAGS! MAINLY BECAUSE...

WE'RE SICKENED...
by the revolting quality
of movies and TV shows!
WE'RE RETCHING...
over the unsavory political
antics in Washington!
WE'RE NAUSEATED...
by the stomach-turning
ractics of Madison Ave.!

**AND WE'RE GETTING IT OUT
OF OUR SYSTEM WITH THESE
REGURGITATED CLASSICS AS**

MAD BARFS

...and you double over
with the belly laughs!

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SEND ME ☐ MAD
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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME THESE OTHER MAD
PAPERBACK BOOKS I'VE CHECKED BELOW:

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Dirty Old MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> The Uncensored MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Loving Look |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Polyunsaturated MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> Pumping MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Looks, Listens & Laughs |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Recycled MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD Horses Around | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Looks at You |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Non-Violent MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> The Egg-Rated MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> The All-New SPY vs. SPY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Tip Off MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> A MAD Carnival | <input type="checkbox"/> SPY vs. SPY Follow Up File |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Taken MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> Explosive MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> 2nd MAD Dossier of SPY vs. SPY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Pocket MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN Steps Out | <input type="checkbox"/> 4th MAD Classified SPY vs. SPY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Invisible MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN Bounces Back | <input type="checkbox"/> 5th MAD Report on SPY vs. SPY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dr. Jekyll & Mr. MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories | <input type="checkbox"/> 6th Case Book on SPY vs. SPY |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> MAD Overboard | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Looks at the U.S.A. | <input type="checkbox"/> AL JAFFEE's MAD Book of Magic |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAD Clowns Around | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Looks at People | <input type="checkbox"/> More AL JAFFEE's Snappy Answers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The MAD Treasure Chest | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Looks at Things | <input type="checkbox"/> AL JAFFEE's Monstrosities |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAD Sucks | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Modern Thinking | <input type="checkbox"/> Still More AL JAFFEE's Snappy Answers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SuperMAD | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Our Sick World | <input type="checkbox"/> AL JAFFEE's MAD Investigations |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Abominable Snow MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Looks at Living | <input type="checkbox"/> Lord! Another JAFFEE Snappy Answers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAD About The Booy | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Looks Around | <input type="checkbox"/> AL JAFFEE Freaks Out |
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A ROLLING STALLONE GATHERS MORE GROSS III DERT.

It's been rumored that Sylvester Styrofoam did an enormous amount of research when he was preparing "Rockhead I" and "Rockhead II." It's been said that he learned everything there was to know about boxing. But we doubt it. Because we think he missed a few very important things. Mainly—like how to hang up his gloves...and throw in the towel...and retire in style while he's still on top. Oh, no, Styrofoam never learned these things...and it's too bad! Because if he had, we're sure he never would have made...

ROC

This may be another sequel...but it looks like the same old Rockhead!

It's not the same old Rock-head! This one has money and fancy clothes and affluence!

It's a brand new Rockhead!!!

Rockhead may have affluence, but you can bet he still can't pronounce it!!!

It's the same old Rockhead!

Has wealth really affected Rockhead?

Let me put it this way: His robe is Gucci, the water in his pail is Perrier, and his "protective cup" is 14 karat!

Hey!! I've heard of "Golden Gloves"...but COME ON!!

I'm a big Sylvester Styrofoam fan! I saw "Rockhead I"...and "Rockhead II"! But who wants to sit through "Rockhead III"? It's the same plot, the same music, the same re-hash!!

Would you rather sit through "Paradise Alley", "F.I.S.T.", and "Night Hawks"?!!

I'LL SIT THROUGH THIS RE-HASH!!

I'LL SIT THROUGH THIS RE-HASH!!





KHEAD III

Hey, what's going on here, Atrium?

It's the opening montage where we capsuleize 3 years of story into 2 minutes of film!

Montages ain't my style! I don't like things that are CUT SHORT!!

Then you sure won't like your role in THIS sequel!

This cushy lifestyle is gonna DESTROY Rockhead! He's getting soft!

He's earned his success, Nicky! He's earned the good life! Why, that TV spot with Miss Piggy was adorable!

Miss Piggy?! I TOLD you he was getting soft! Two pictures ago he was punching meat! Now, he's talking to it! I tell ya, some challenger is gonna take him apart!

You CALLED me!?

What are you doing in this montage!

ANYTHING I WANT TO, you old Honky fool!

I think we got big problems!



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

What happened, Bawly? Why'd you go crazy and smash a pinball machine with my picture on it, and get yourself arrested?

I'm jealous! You've changed! You got big bucks and fancy clothes! But I've been the same slob in "Rockhead I" an "Rockhead II"!

I unnerstan', Bawly! You need respect, right? What you need is a job, right?

Dat's right, Rockhead!

Well...I'm offering you one right now! You can be a slob again in THIS movie, "Rockhead III"!

I'll take it!



I'M COMIN' AFTER YOU, ROCKHEAD!!

I'M GONNA GRIND YOU UP INTO HAMBURGER!

This guy's a complete change for you, Rockhead! He's "different"!

What's so different...? He's loud, he's obnoxious...an' he looks like he could KILL me! ALL my opponents are like that!

Yeah, but this one's WHITE!



Why...? 'Cause
you never fought a
Wrestler before!?

A Wrestler
...I can
handle!
I've never
fought a
BULLDOZER
before!

Hey, what's this charity FOR, anyway?

"The Society For
The Preservation
Of Handicapped
And Maimed
Italian Boxers"!

Geen
...
never
heard
of
them!

You WILL! When I get through with you, you may be their POSTER BOY!

What an amazing comeback! After being clobbered for the entire fight, he WINS!!

I don't think that there's anyone in the world Rockhead can't beat.

Oh, No?!?
Just wait
another
page or so

I'm
talking
about
THIS
world!!

Rockhead... we've erected this statue of you because you are one of Philadelphia's true heroes! You have earned your place in our city's heart... alongside The Seventy-Sixers, Frankie Avalon, Bobby Rydell, Fabian, Mayor Frank Rizzo and Cream Cheese!!

hey, what can I say after an intro like dat, except ...I just hope that the people of Philadelphia enjoy this statue of me as much as the pigeons!

But to get serious
... I'm proud that
Philadelphia took
me into its heart!
I'm proud that the
people of this fair
city are calling me
their favorite son!

"FAVORITE SON... ?!"
Why don't you let somebody **FINISH** that sentence?!

Who are you??

I'm **BLUBBER LANG!** I'm the meanest, surliest, most incredibly evil "heavy" since Adolph Hitler! I'm also one helluva racial stereotype! I tell you, I am one **BA-AD** Dude! I make **Appalling Greed** look like **Richard Simmons!**

I'M THE BEST!!
Why
are you
ducking
me.
Butch!!

We're
NOT
ducking
you,
are we,
Nicky?

**We're
gonna
duck**
by Carol D.

I wanna fight you!!

Okay with me? I'll fight you, Blubber, any time, any place!

'We won't fight him!'



So there you are!! You got my answer!!

Yeah... a definite MAYBE!!



Why won't you let me fight that creep??

Gone SOFT...?? I've defended my title ten times!!!

Hmm!! So that explains the match against a 55-year-old gay amputee!! Come to think of it... she almost WON!!

'Cause he'll KILL ya, Rock-head! You've gone soft!!

I been protectin' ya! Those opponents were hand-picked so you could win!!



Okay, Rock, I'll train you to fight Blubber—under ONE condition!!

That you take this training SERIOUSLY!!

Great! What is it?

You got it!!



THIS is a TRAINING CAMP...?? Who's he fighting??

From the looks of it... either Barry Manilow, Liberace, or Steve and Eydie!

Somehow, I DON'T think this is working out!

This is fifteen rounds... for the Heavyweight Championship of the World! From the south side of Philadelphia... the Italian Scallion, Rockhead Bulbo! And his opponent... from the far side of Mars... the snarling villain, Blubber Lang!

If this kind of POSING keeps up, I want my next match to be with Dolly Parton!!

According to the rules of all fight pictures, would you now exchange threatening pre-flight glares and insulting remarks?



You're dead meat!!

When I get through with you, the ZOO would reject you for "Animal Food"!!

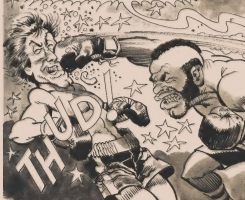
Oh, yeah?!

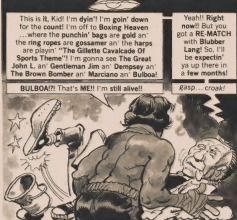
Says who...?!

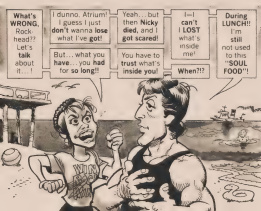
Well, folks... Blubber is the winner of the "Verbal Confrontation" by a TKO—"Taunting Kinky One-Liners"! Now let's see the "Physical Confrontation"!!

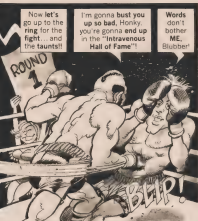
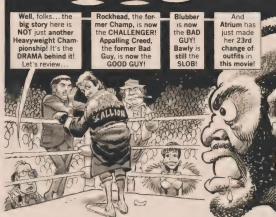


Well, folks... looks like Blubber is on a ROLL!!









When you get a bill, are you aware that there are lots of "hidden charges" buried in it? What's that? Oh, you never pay your bills! Well, if you did pay your bills, would you like to discover how much those hidden charges would be costing you? No? Okay, skip to the next article! As for the rest of you suckers out there who might still be paying them, let's look and see just how much money goes to defray the ...

HIDDEN
CHARGES

IN TYPICAL BILLS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: STAN HART



18¢ Burial Fee to "The Belt Cemetery," where belts from coats and dresses are sent to their final resting places instead of being returned with garments after dry cleaning.

Bernie The Tailor LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING

Dry Cleaning.....	\$7.95
Laundry.....	6.32
Alterations.....	7.50
TOTAL	\$21.77

WHEN BRINGING IN CLOTHES, PLEASE
REMOVE EVERYTHING FROM YOUR POCKETS!
(We do it from clothes you're wearing!)



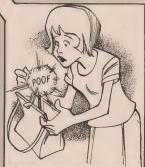
34¢ towards Engineering Costs to perfect perfect interlocking wire hangers that resist all efforts to untangle them.



6¢ for Electricity to power a special Static Electricity Generator that injects static electricity into all clothes that are dry cleaned, making them stick fast to everything.



82¢ Legal Fees for answering charges of false and misleading advertising such as "In by 9, Out by 5," "Quality Dry Cleaning," "We Do Professional Alterations" and "Service With a Smile."



12¢ for Special Claim Ticket Paper that dissolves without a trace upon contact with the inside of handbag or pocket.



29¢ for a Kid's Toy that Otto will claim was the cause of the \$199.75 repair job ... when actually a stuck floater (\$1.50) was all that was responsible.

OTTO PLUNGER & SONS FIRST CLASS PLUMBING

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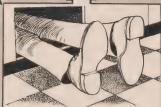
Fixing Overflowing Toilet \$87.50
Unclogging Clogged Drain...17.00
Replacing Faulty Faucets...115.25
TOTAL \$199.75



\$18.00 to hire a Weightlifter to tighten all valves, faucets bolts and nuts so it is impossible to budge them if you ever try to fix them yourself.



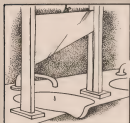
\$1.75 for a Kickback Fund payable to Apartment House Superintendents who recommend Otto for totally unnecessary jobs.



\$5.75 for pair of Dummy Legs to make it look like Otto's working under sink when he's actually back in the truck, reading a porno magazine or sleeping.



77¢ for a Telephone Answering Machine that always tells each caller the exact same message ... "Otto will be right over!"



97¢ for Custom-Designed Wash Basins that mangle customers' necks when getting shampooed.

SALON DE MARVIN

"A Beautiful Person For The Beautiful People"

Cut.....\$25.00
Set.....15.00
TOTAL \$40.00



\$1.75 for Window Cleaning, so people can see into salon and laugh at how idiotic you look.



\$5.00 for Rental of Tank Truck and Dump Site for disposing of toxic liquids used on the hair.



\$2.25 for Rental of Used Smocks from The Women's House of Detention to make customers look like escaped convicts.



\$2.50 for Bus Fares for transporting members of the owner's family to salon to get tipped.



\$11.00 for a Squad of Midgets to test the food served to see that the portions are adequate.

TRANS-AMERICAN AIRLINES

"Fly The Crowded Skies Of Trans-American"

INVOICE

New York To L.A....\$859.79

CHECK IN AT LEAST AN HOUR BEFORE FLIGHT TIME
TO INSURE GETTING YOUR SEAT! WE OVER-BOOK!



\$6.50 for Care and Feeding of Gorillas who jump up and down on luggage before it comes out.



\$1.25 for Special Answering Machine Units that put callers for reservations on "Hold" for the rest of their natural lives.



\$7.98 for a Sensing Device that alerts the pilot to make an announcement over the plane's public address system as soon as you manage to finally doze off.



\$3.85 for a Sound Engineer to fix the speakers so you cannot understand anything that's said over the public address system.



\$5.00 for a Retoucher to make your X-rays show that all previous dental work you ever had will eventually cause trouble.

LEONARD HOEGLMEIR, D.D.S.

4 Fillings.....	\$ 80.00
Root Canal Work.....	375.00
Cleaning.....	45.00
TOTAL	\$500.00

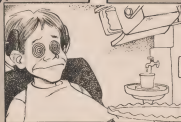
"Working From Hand To Mouth To Pay Off You"



\$12.00 for Tuition for course in Current Dull Events so Dentist can make boring conversation while you're in his chair.



64¢ for coating cotton rolls with teflon so they won't absorb the saliva you generate.



\$5.98 for Special Homing Device that focuses the Dentist's light into your eyes no matter how you try to avoid it.



74¢ for Electricity to freeze the water in the water spray, and the air in the air spray.

We always thought a "hero" was someone honest and decent who performed acts of courage and never cursed or lied or stole. Shows you how much we know! Because

Dumb Kind

God... this Vietnam is a stinkin' cesspool!

I hate this brutal stupid war!!

You guys make me sick! Don't you know we're here to keep freedom alive?! I'm proud to do my share to keep the Cancer of Communism from infecting the body of the civilized world so that a brave new tomorrow will...

You're wasting your time, Pvt. Greepish... so CUT THE ACT! They're not giving "Psycho Discharges" around here any more!!

They're not!!

GOD... THIS VIETNAM IS A STINKIN' CESSPOOL!

I... I HATE THIS BRUTAL STUPID WAR!

Today, in the '80's, we got violence in the streets, nuclear radiation leaks, a terrible recession and unemployment... so how come Hollywood is making so many Vietnam War movies these days?!

Who knows?!? Call it a simple nostalgia trip back to America's innocent past!

You notice how evenly divided this platoon is, racially?! You know, good and bad of both races?! I hear it's gonna be like that all picture!



Hollywood recently made a movie about a guy who curses, lies, steals and hangs out with a high-priced hooker. What kind of hero is that? We thought he was a

of Hero

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Yeah, it's our star, Richard Pryor's idea! He figures the enemy'll like it better that way!

Not THAT enemy! I'm talking about WHITE MOVIE-GOERS! You think they're gonna shell out hard-earned dough to see us Blacks soar like eagles, and them look like dumb turkeys all the time up here on the screen?!

What does the Viet Cong have to do with it?!

Speaking of Richard Pryor, you may love him or hate him as a performer, but you have to admit he's got dignity!

I never met him! Which one is he?

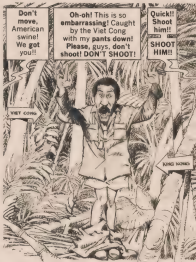
The guy over there... with the dark hair... the black moustache... and his pants down!

Oh, THAT guy with dignity!!

Don't move, American swine! We got you!!

Oh-oh! This is so embarrassing! Caught by the Viet Cong with my pants down! Please, guys, don't shoot! DON'T SHOOT!

Quick!! Shoot him!! SHOOT HIM!!



Keep shooting him! Keep shooting!

This will make one terrific newspaper ad for a movie about Vietnam!

No wonder we can't lick these people! They're so resourceful!



You will confess to our war crimes, American pig! And if you lie to us just once, you will rot in here for at least five years!!

Hey, Man! I didn't commit any war crimes! I swear on my country's flag! I swear on the honor of my country's President, Lyndon B. Johnson!

That did it! You just got TEN years!!

What a life! Stuck in this filthy cell with no one to keep me company except that dumb Vietnamese mouse!!

And just look at him! Man... I've heard of Orientals being cleanliness nuts... but he is TOO MUCH!!



Here is company for you, Yankee pig!

Up yours, you lousy @ # \$%&* @! slant-eyed cruds!

Thank God! A dirty American! He'll fit in much better with the decor here!



Hi, buddy! I'm Oddie Kooler!

Le'me outta here, you @ # \$%& Viet Cong scum! You think you're gonna push Ninny De Strangelo around? Well, you can kiss my royal Dago ass!

Hey, Man! What do you do in civilian life?



I'm glad you asked! You see... it's always been my dream to enhance the image of the Italian-American people!

Well, be proud! You're doing almost as good a job as the Mafia!



I suggest you cool it from now on! Otherwise, you're gonna go off the deep end and lose your sanity around here, just like I'm losing mine!!

How long you been here?

Le'me see... 21... 22... 23... one more hour, and it'll be a WHOLE DAY!!

I see what you mean!



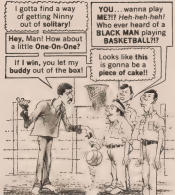
American dogs, you will confess to war crimes! If you lie just once, you will rot in solitary confinement for at least five years!!

Look... can't you get this through your head? I didn't commit any war crimes... and neither did he!

That's right! I swear on the honor of my country's new President... Richard M. Nixon!

Hoo-boy! You just got TEN years!! THEN, we throw away the KEY!!





I gotta find a way of getting Ninny out of solitary!

Hey, Man! How about a little One-On-One?

If I win, you let my buddy out of the box!

YOU... wanna play ME?!? Heh-heh-heh! Who ever heard of a **BLACK MAN** playing **BASKETBALL**!?!?

Looks like this is gonna be a piece of cake!!

That makes it 127-4! You ready to quit yet, Man?

You kidding? I've already **KNOWS** in basketball, the score means nothing until the last two minutes of the game!!



Final score: Me... 296! You... 8!

Now, how about giving me a high five, and then you free Ninny?!



OWWWW... OUCH... OOF... UGH!

Aw, c'mon... hold it, you guys! That's a little **TOO HIGH**... and a little **TOO MANY FIVES**!!

You want to save your friend, American? We will free him if you sign this confession!

Okay... you do that, and I'll sign anything! Let's see, it says I confess to criminally bombing the civilian population of Hanoi, engaging in an illegal war, violating the rights of freedom-loving people, etc., etc.... Hold it!!

What's this?! Assassinating the Water Commissioner of Latvia! Creating world-wide urban blight! Starting the Bubonic Plague! Causing the eruption of Vesuvius?! You expect ME to accept the responsibility for all THAT?!

Wait! You **STILL** didn't get to the part where you contributed to the heartbreak of psoriasis!



Sorry your buddy couldn't make it...but the war is over for you now, and you're on your way home! While you were away, the Mets won the World Series, Elvis Presley sold countless millions of records, and... oh, yeah! We had a severe outbreak of Asiatic Flu!

I'm sorry!

Don't blame yourself, soldier! You're only responsible for the heartbreak of psoriasis!



And here he is—Oddie Kooler, the Vietnam war hero! Welcome back to America, Oddie!

What are your immediate plans?

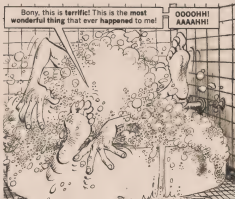
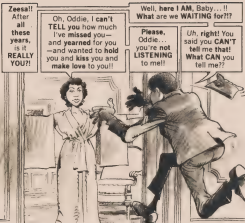
To see my wife and daughter, get a job, and buy a little house somewhere!

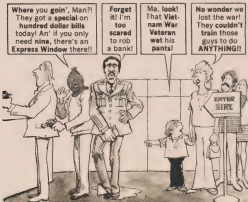
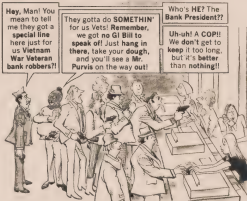
Gee, I really can't believe I'm home!

It's great to have you back, Oddie, but please don't move into MY neighborhood!

I'm HOME...! I'm HOME...!







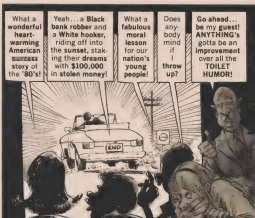
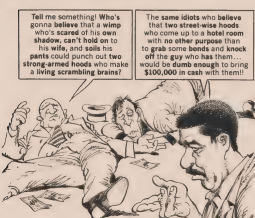
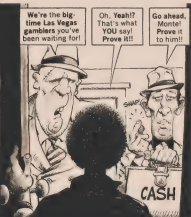
Do me a favor! Take this million bucks in bonds! Inside the case, you'll also find the number of two guys in Las Vegas who'll pay you \$100,000 for them, plus the keys to a getaway car, plus—

Hey, Man! Why are you being so nice to me?!

Because I gotta go into this Men's Room, and I'd really like some privacy! With all the toilet humor in this picture, I got a feeling the camera's gonna go inside there with me—and it could be disgusting!

As soon as the money boys from Las Vegas get here to buy these bonds from me, I'm gonna split with Bony in the getaway car!

But, Man, I gotta be careful that nobody pulls a FAST ONE on me!!



A DESERT ISLAND GAME PLAN



PUTTING "HAH" ON YOUR CHEST DEPT.

One of the most popular fashion phenomena among young people these days is the T-shirt with a message. You've seen them (and probably wear them). They've got messages like "Property of Alcatraz," "Kiss Me, I'm Italian," "My Folks Visited

T-SHIRT'S WITH MESSA



Las Vegas And All I Got Was This Lousy T-Shirt," and so on. Well, we think that instead of sporting clever but rather impersonal machine-made comments, people should reveal their true thoughts about themselves and their shirts with these

AGES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



SCHOOL

Class, my name is **Miss Green**, and I'm a **Teacher-In-Training!** I'd like to get to know something about all of you! Let's start with **what you would all like to be when you grow up!**

I'd like to be an **Astronaut!**

I'd like to be a **Doctor!**

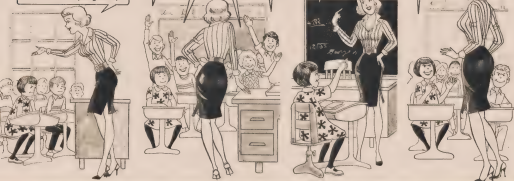
I'd like to be a **Nurse!**

I'd like to be a **Lawyer!**

I'd like to be just like **YOU**, Miss Green!

You mean a **Teacher-In-Training??**

No, I mean **REALLY BUILT!**



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

BLAME

Hey, Mom!! Donald broke your favorite potted plant!!

I DID NOT! YOU did!

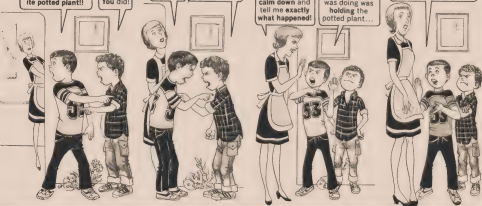
No, YOU did!!

You're a LIAR! YOU did!!

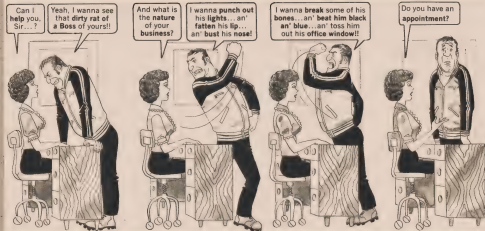
Okay... knock it off! Just calm down and tell me exactly what happened!

It was Donald's fault!! All I was doing was holding the potted plant...

And then, when I threw it at him, he DUCKED!!



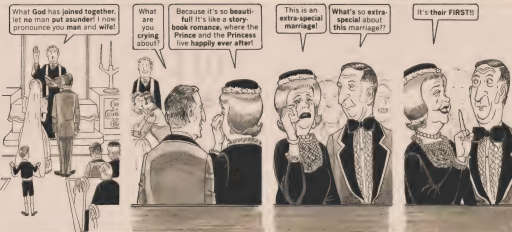
BUSINESS



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER
DAVE BERG

WEDDINGS



INVITATIONS

How do you like that...?!?
Sally and the gang are having
a cook-out...and they didn't
invite me! I'm going to have
to DO something about that!!

Sally's on the phone now!

Hi, Laurie! Everybody's here
at my place! We're having a
barbecue! I forgot to call
you...so come on over...!

But it's
going to
pour cats
and dogs
any minute!

Are you kidding?!?
There isn't a cloud
in the sky! What
makes you think
it's going to rain?

I PRAYED for it!!

POWER

The energy of the future won't
be oil...or coal...or nuclear!
It's gonna be SOLAR POWER!

Oh, I
doubt
that!!

I've been sunbathing all
day on this beach...and
I have NO energy at all!!

ETIQUETTE

Say, you're a CUTE
little girl! Here
...have a piece of
candy on the house!

Dear, what do you
SAY when a Clerk
gives you some-
thing in a store?

MODERN EDUCATION

And how is my little
Grand Nephew doing
in school...??

Not
so
hot!

Really? When I was your age
and in the third grade, I
was a whiz at reading and
writing and arithmetic!

Things sure were different in
my day! We were disciplined!
We were taught to buckle down
and work really hard to master
those difficult subjects! That's
probably why you're having such
trouble! No discipline, right?

I...I guess so...!

Mostly, I can't seem
to get the hang of
"Computer Programming!"

THE FUTURE



Son, do you see this house
...the furniture...the
car...the property...??

Yeah...

Some day, all of this
...will be MINE!!

COLLEGE

CHARGE IT!!



Living in a Frat House is no bed of roses!
We've got to wash the dishes and clean our
rooms and dust and vacuum the whole place!



And then, a month later, we
have to do it all over again!



EXPERIMENTS

Today, in Chemistry class,
we're going to study acids
and their corrosive effects
on various types of metals!



Note that I am dropping a
gold Kruggerand into this
vial of smoldering acid!
Now, the question is...
Charles McGillier... will
the Kruggerand dissolve?



No, Sir,
it will
not!

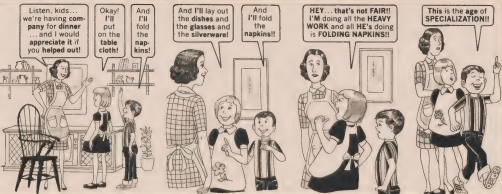


And can you give me
a sound scientific
reason why it won't?

Sure! With the price of gold
so high these days, you'd
never do anything that dumb!



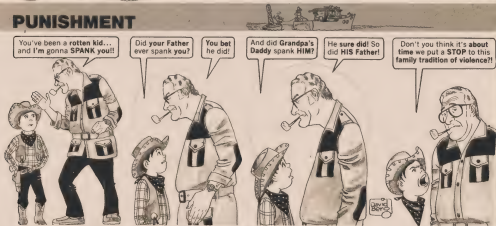
CHORES



MAKING OUT



PUNISHMENT



HELP WANTED ADS WE NEVER GET TO SEE

(Or "Where Do They Get These People?!")

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

ATTENTION

The New York Yankee Organization
is now hiring

OBNOXIOUS FANS

for the 1983 season

Turn your favorite leisure time activity into a lucrative part-time job.

Our obnoxious fans are responsible for maintaining that unique anti-social ambience that regular baseball fans have come to depend upon as part of the baseball experience.

Duties will include: pushing and shoving, screaming and cursing, and randomly pelting other fans with food, drink and other objects, some of a disgusting nature.

MUST have extensive repertory of offensive bodily noises and odors.

CONTACT: George Steinbrenner
Yankee Stadium
New York, New York

Dull job? No future? Step into a spiritually-rewarding career as an...

airport religious fanatic

Yes, after our two-month indoctrination training program—where all of your needs are taken care of—you can be out in the hustle-and-bustle world of the inter-city traveler. We will teach you the ancient mysteries of glassy-eyed button-holing, soft-voiced solicitation of funds, inspired book-salesmanship and inner peace.

Why settle for just a career, when you can make plans for your eternal life by sending your name, address, bank account number and balance to:

THE REVEREND SOME YOUNG LOON
c/o The Edification Church

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

You can make \$4.75 an hour or more
...removing Subscribers' favorite
sections from our Sunday Edition.

APPLY: The Piquette Gazette
Subscriber Delivery Service
Aerogedtown, OH

Your City Is Now Taking Applications For

STREET PEOPLE

Current Needs Are:

- 7 Shopping Bag Ladies
- 6 Smelly Panhandlers
- 4 One-Man Bands
- 3 Part-Time Schizophrenics
- 2 Demented Ravers
- 1 Temporary Doomsayer

Annoying personality, poor hygiene and mental illness is no barrier. We are an Equal Opportunity Employer.

APPLY IN PERSON ONLY
CITY HALL

TOXIC WASTE DUMPERS

We are a large Multi-National Chemical Corporation trying to improve our public image. Our Public Relations specialists have told us that people are less-likely to be taken in by our multimillion dollar media campaigns if they know that we are dumping tons of vile and hazardous sludge near unsuspecting residential areas.

That's where you come in!

We are prepared to pay Big Bucks (in small bills, through an anonymous intermediary) to people who will get rid of this muck without anyone finding out about it.

The job entails a lot of night hours, secrecy and working without supervision.

SO APPLY: Simply tape your application to the bottom of the mailbox at the corner of Main and Elm. We'll get back to you.

Mellen-cracked Chemical Corporation
797 Main Street, Phoenix, Arizona

Take this simple test and discover if you've got what it takes to be a...

MINDLESS BUREAUCRAT

1. Do you yearn to be more than just a small cog in a giant wheel?
2. Do you want to work at a job where you can take some initiative?
3. Do you like working with people?
4. Do you like to think things out for yourself?
5. Do you recognize that sometimes there are exceptions to a rule?

IF you have honestly answered "NO!" to all five questions above, then...
YOU'RE HIRED!!

Report Monday 8 A.M. for whatever! to:

THE DEPARTMENT FOR THE REGULATION
OF INTERDEPARTMENTAL REGULATIONS
270 K Street N.W. Washington, D.C.

WANTED THREE LAZY MEN

...to sit around my Appliance Repair
Shop during peak hours, doing nothing.
(CALL BUD 555-7830)

For years, WZZZ-TV Sportscasters have been islands of civility in a sea of obnoxiousness offered by the other stations. And for years, we've gotten clobbered in the ratings. Well, enough is enough! We're getting us a...

IRRITATING SPORTSCASTER

The person we're looking for must be crude, peevish, nit-picking and egotistical. He must think he knows more than all the players and coaches in all the sports, and must not be afraid to say so! Vocal presence must be nasal and grating! Distracting speech impediment is a PLUS! Must be able to make a minor sports controversy sound like World War III!

In short, we're looking for someone that most people would stand in the aisle of a bus far from, rather than sit next to!

CONTACT: Larry "Time-Out" Timmons, Sports Director
WZZZ-TV, 1758 Avenue Of The Americas, N.Y., N.Y.

Job Security without Accountability??
Impossible, you say?? Not if you're an

UNIDENTIFIED SOURCE FOR THE U.S. GOVERNMENT

You'll be privy to sensitive information about Government foul-ups; you'll play an active role in cabinet-level back-biting and power struggles; you'll be a close observer of political graft and corruption; and you'll have the entire Washington Press Corps hanging on your every word as you spill the beans about it all.



APPLY:
U.S. OFFICE OF
UNOFFICIAL
INFORMATION
Washington, D.C.

"Catch 22" was a best-selling book that later was made into a successful movie. In case you didn't read the book or see the movie, it was about an Air Force bombardier who doesn't want to fly any more dangerous missions. Since there's an Air Force regulation which states that if you're insane, you can't fly, our

MAD'S REAL LIFE



You've had season tickets to an NFL team for years, and they always lose, but you're afraid of giving up those season tickets because the team might start to win, so you keep on going to the crummy games year after year . . .



. . . but since the stadium is sold out year after year, the owner doesn't have to do anything to improve the team!



You cannot date unless the guy comes to the house so your Father can meet him...



. . . but if he ever meets your date he'll never let you go out with him!



The only way a dentist can find hidden cavities is if he X-rays your teeth . . .



The Law says that when you reach the age of 16, you can get your driver's license . . .



. . . but if you drive the family car, his insurance rates will triple, so your Old Man says, "Forget it—until you're 25!"



Your parents, the government and nutrition experts tell you that you're ruining your health by eating junk food . . .

hero tells his shrink that he's crazy and therefore, according to regulations, he doesn't have to fly. But there's a catch — Catch-22 — which states that if you don't want to fly dangerous missions, it proves you're sane — and therefore you have to keep flying! Ridiculous, huh? Well, how about this second collection of

E "CATCH 22'S"

ARTIST: PAUL COKER
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



If you can only get your very own pad, you'll finally be free to do whatever you want without having to ask your parents' permission . . .



. . . but you'll be so busy doing the things your parents did for you, like cooking and cleaning and laundry, etc., that you won't have time to do whatever it was you wanted to do!



. . . but what you can get from X-rays is a heluva lot worse than a cavity!



If you don't give the school bully your lunch money, he'll kill you . . .



. . . but if you do give him your lunch money, you're gonna starve to death!



. . . but if you give up junk food, your health will be totalled by starvation, because that's the only food you like!



If you don't study for exams, you'll flunk and have to spend another year in school—which is unthinkable . . .



. . . but if you do study and graduate, then you'll have to go out and find a job—which is even more unthinkable!

CAMPAINS-IN-THE-NECK DEPT.

Every Fall, droves of hopeful candidates running for office promise almost anything that might get them elected. Unfortunately, in their desperation, these politicians fly off in all directions because they really don't know

"IF ELECTED, I SOL

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



...to publicly execute thoughtless clods who let their unattended shopping carts roll across supermarket parking lots and dent the fenders of innocent people's automobiles.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



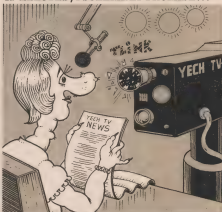
...to require auto manufacturers to install temperature warning lights that do more than tell you your radiator has already boiled over and it's too late to do anything.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



...to appropriate money for the relief of those poor unfortunate in TV commercials who suffer from occasional irregularity.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



...to require the Television Networks to hire competent women reporters, even if they're ugly.

what will make them victorious on Election Day. But MAD, the magazine of the people, knows! We can virtually guarantee victory to any candidate who has the courage to step forward during his campaign and tell the world...

EMNLY PROMISE..."

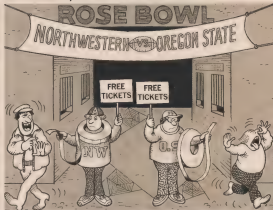
WRITER: TOM KOCH

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



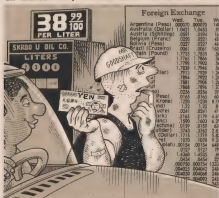
...to re-open Alcatraz for the incarceration of anyone caught operating a powered lawn mower in a residential area before 10 A.M. on Sunday morning.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



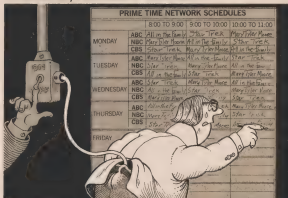
...to let Northwestern and Oregon State play in the Rose Bowl just once before the end of this century, even though neither school's football team ever really qualifies for it.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



...to require service stations that sell gasoline by the "liter" to accept payment in francs or pesos or whatever so everybody will be confused equally.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



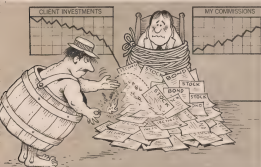
...to force the TV Networks to re-run "Star Trek," "All In The Family" and "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" every night until they can come up with something new that's almost as good.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



...to require anyone who says, "Have a nice day!" to offer at least one workable suggestion how to do so.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



...to require stock market experts to explain why they were not wiped out following their own advice like everyone else.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



...to revoke the license of any TV station that makes us watch hemorrhoid treatment commercials during dinner.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



...to withdraw government aid to Chrysler Corp. unless they agree to re-tool and start making those great old VW Beetles.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



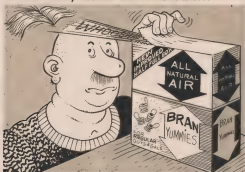
...to round up all the newsboys who throw our papers in the shrubbery, and throw them all in the shrubbery.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



...to publicly flog anyone who holds up an entire super-market line to write a check for a purchase of under \$3.00.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



...to force cereal companies to place a warning label on each package that announces: "This box is only half full!"

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



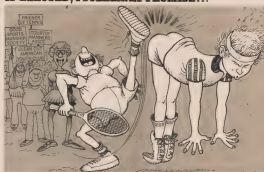
...to take any vandals who are caught defacing property to an open field and spray-paint graffiti all over them.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



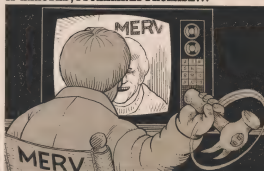
...to keep shooting J.R. until he goes down and stays down.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



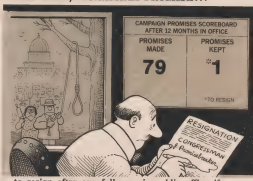
...to give every tennis lover and sports enthusiast an opportunity to kick John McEnroe in the seat of his pants.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



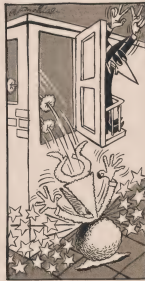
...to force Merv Griffin to watch his own TV show so he can see exactly what's so embarrassing to the rest of us.

IF ELECTED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...



...to resign after one full year in public office if I have not kept at least 75% of my campaign promises.

SPY vs SPY



The Beastland tuition is \$14,000 a semester! Just sign this contract, Tubby!

Oh, gee, look...! I broke the point on your pencil!

Ah-hah! Destroying school property!! To pay for that, you kids will all have to go to work in the Dining Hall!!

SNAP

Every morning, you'll mop the floors! And then you'll scrub the pots and pans—

And just how long must we do this—this Coolie labor!

Until you've either worked off your debt... or Beastland is forced to close when somebody finally notices that we don't have any classes or teachers!

I don't get it! If our folks are rich enough to send us to this fancy prep school, how come we have to do K.P. to pay for one lousy thing we broke...?

To quote our school's revered motto, "Never question the unbelievable!" Actually, they want you to work in the Dining Hall so I can become the warm parent figure you never had!

With your shape you remind me of the dachshund I never had!

I'm just thrilled to be starting my education at Beastland, so I can train for a better job than my Mom held for twenty years!

What did your Mother do...?

She worked in a restaurant, folding napkins and polishing silverware!

K.P.
IS
FOR
LOVERS

PALE
HORSE

PALE
RIDER

Good news, girls! The school picnic is next Sunday! Your parents will come, and each of you can also invite a date from Freebish Academy!

Boys?!? That's terrific! I'll invite Dink E. Warburton III, the gorgeous blond star of Freebish's basketball team!

I'll stay in my room! I'm too fat to get a date!

I'm too butch to get a date!

I'm too shocked to get a date—because this is the first time I ever heard of a school with a WHITE guy on its basketball team!

Oh, girls! You mustn't stay away from the picnic because you think you're not good enough to get dates! It's time for a comforting talk!

Oh, no!! Here comes one of these touching moments when she buries us in motherly wisdom! I'll go get the barf bags!

THIS
WAY
OUT



Dare to be great! Set your eyes on the far horizons! Win one for the Gipper! Just imagine where I'D be today if I'd lost my self esteem!



Where DO you suppose she WOULD be today if she lost her self-esteem??



Beats me! If there's any job more lowly than fixing three meals a day for a bunch of spoiled brats in this place, I can't think of it!

Blah, maybe you can fix Nuttall and Moe up with dates! You must know some boys at Freebush Academy!

Sure! They're all listed in my "Slam Book"! That's where I write my secret impressions of every guy I've ever met! So...do you want Nosehairs Pitner, Bucktooth Bigelow, or Pulsing Pimples Flekney?



Blah, you should be ashamed! Only a cold conceited snob would notice people's ugly features and ignore their inner beauty!

You're right!! Just because I'm gorgeous, I shouldn't look down on the less fortunate! Thanks for setting me straight, Gopher Face!



It must be almost dinnah time! I can smell the liver and onions burning!

I'll give ya a hint! Y'see all those vending machines where we have to buy extra food to keep from starving?

Why does Mrs. Ferret feed us such awful yecchy glop?

Yeah...! What about them?

I'll give ya ANOTHER hint! Guess who OWNS them?



Why do we always wind up getting ready for bed at the same time?! And who'd build a dormitory that only has one bathroom with one sink in it?

Probably an Architect who loves to hear insult jokes! All this over-crowding is made to order for our style of humor!

Watch it! Your hair dryah is makin' my MOUTH WASH harden!!

That's because you're trying to gargle with nail polish, Dummy!!

See...?! THAT's the kind of clever material we'd lose if we had separate bedrooms!

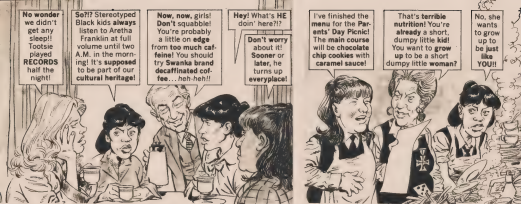


Is it ALSO humorous for us to be sleeping in a crowd?!!?

Not particularly! Beastland just happened to inherit this bunk bed from "Leave It To Beaver" after it was cancelled in 1965 for being too slow-paced, juvenile and boring!

Really?!? I didn't know TV had higher standards in 1965 that it does now!





No wonder we didn't get any sleep!! Tootsie played RECORDS half the night!

Se?!! Stereotyped Black kids always listen to Aretha Franklin at full volume until two A.M. in the morning! It's supposed to be part of our cultural heritage!

Now, now, girls! Don't squabble! You're probably a little on edge from too much caffeine! You should try Swanka brand decaffeinated coffee... heh-heh!!

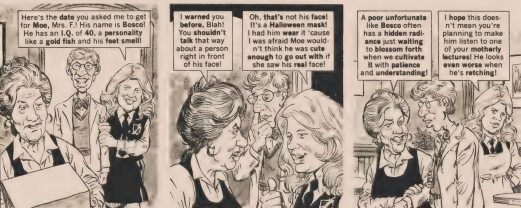
Hey! What's HE doin' here?!

Don't worry about it! Sooner or later, he turns up everywhere!

I've finished the menu for the Parents' Day Picnic! The main course will be chocolate chip cookies with caramel sauce!

That's terrible nutrition! You're already a short, dumpy little kid! You want to grow up to be a short dumpy little woman?

No, she wants to grow up to be just like YOU!!



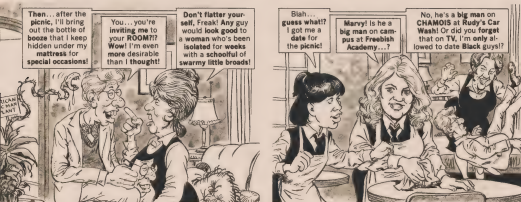
Here's the date you asked me to get for Moe, Mrs. F. His name is Bosco! He has an I.Q. of 40, a personality like a gold fish and his feet smell!

I warned you before, Blah! You shouldn't talk that way about a person right in front of his face!

Oh, that's not his face! It's a Halloween mask! I had him wear it 'cause I was afraid Moe wouldn't think he was cute enough to go out with if she saw his real face!

A poor unfortunate like Bosco often has a hidden radiance just waiting to blossom forth when we cultivate it with patience and understanding!

I hope this doesn't mean you're planning to make him listen to one of your motherly lectures! He looks even worse when he's retching!



Then... after the picnic, I'll bring out the bottle of booze that I keep hidden under my mattress for special occasions!

You... you're inviting me to your ROOM?!! Wow! I'm even more desirable than I thought!

Don't flatter yourself, Freak! Any guy would look good to a woman who's been isolated for weeks with a schoolful of swamy little broads!

Blah... guess what? I got me a date for the picnic!

Marvy! Is he a big man on campus at Freebish Academy...?

No, he's a big man on CHAMOIS at Rudy's Car Wash! Or did you forget that on TV, I'm only allowed to date Black guys!?

With all the time you've spent getting dates for the Parents' Day Picnic, I hope you haven't forgotten to invite your PARENTS to it as well!!

Aw... we're not going to invite them! They'd be too busy to come!

Yeah! They never would have stashed us in this crummy boarding school if they'd had time for us!!

You mustn't think such things, or you'll grow up warped, Nutalie!

As you mature, thus becoming an older person, there is one vital fact I want you to always remember! Every parent was once somebody's mother or father!



What's Mrs. Ferret talking about!

It's really nothing! We've come to the weekly segment where we knock off with the jokes and deal in some serious issues facing teenagers!

Okay... so what's this week's serious issue?

I already TOLD you! It's REALLY NOTHING!

Regardless of how you feel about it now, your parents will always be your most immediate forebears!

And in addition, they are forever bound to you by being children of your grandparents!



As you wander through life, cherish the fact that George Washington was the father of our country! Also that necessity is the mother of invention! But on the other hand, your heart belongs to Daddy! All of which proves just how important parents really are!

All right!! You win!! We'll invite our parents to the picnic!! Just have mercy and stop with the clichés!!

We made our parents come, just like you browbeat us into doing, Mrs. F.! But, before you meet them, there's one thing you ought to know!!

We didn't hesitate to invite our folks because we really thought they hated us! It was more because we knew YOU'D hate THEM!!

Me...?! Hate your parents? Where would you ever get a silly idea like THAT!!



You'll see! Meet my Dad, the raunchiest cop at the raunchy Swill Street Police Station... where he's always voted "Worst Dressed Man Of The Year"!



Greetings, Hairball! Too bad if the cigar bothers you! Usually, my garlic breath is so strong, people don't even notice that I'm smoking!

You insisted, Mrs. Ferret, so here are my parents! You can call them George and Louise! Oddly enough, the short one with the high voice is George!



If you're with the Police, it's no wonder I've had so many stick-ups at my cleaning shops!

Grrrr! I oughta crush your head like a grape, Scumbucket!!

I suggest that you idiots shut up... otherwise I'll buy up all of the property around here... just so I can have you legally thrown off it!

I'd hoped you'd never find out, but this crumb is my father! He calls himself "J.R.!" I wouldn't repeat what other people call him!



Last, but far from least... meet the fatherly tub of lard from whom I inherited my forty-six-inch waistline!



Don't be so modest, Child! You inherited ALL of the charmin' Hogg characteristics! You're also short, buffoonish an' ugly!

Despite my generous contributions, Mrs. Ferret, I see the school still hasn't named its library after me! I could have the entire faculty flogged for that, you know!

What about it, Sister? Did you and the other school Turd Brains welsh on a deal... like Dog Breath says?

Speaking of libraries... did I tell you I don't use one anymore! I'm doing so well, I bought my own book!

That's nuthin'! Listen to this, L'l Lady! Back home, nobody goes to the library 'cause they're all downtown... watchin' Police Car accidents!

God help me! Let me out of this Zoo!



I'm only a simple, well-meaning buttinsky! How could I know that every obnoxious character on TV had fathered kids like you to carry on the family tradition?!



Never mind! Just sign this pledge to spare us any more of your cockamammy advice!

Otherwise, we'll take revenge by inviting our parents to come back for the school Christmas party!

Oh, no...! Please! I'll mind my own business!! I swear it!!



Before Atlantis and the rise of the Sons of Aries and the Daughters of Zeus and the Ladies of Avon... before the Tissues of Charmin and the Weekends of Michelob, there was a warrior who lived in the Golden Age of Boredom, B.C. (Before Charisma) called:

CRUMHEAD

THE BARBITUATE

ARTIST: DON MARTIN

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Sun, moon, stars, wind, fire, pollution... these come from the Sky God! But YOUR God, Conehead, your God lives here on Earth! And from him comes this... the secret of STEEL!

That's IT?! That's ALL?!? My God sounds like a CRUMB!!

CRUMB!! Indeed, that is his name! You learn fast, Conehead! Crumb inspired me to create this... the greatest work of my life! A sword that is not only sharp... but has TWO EDGES for extra closeness... and a head that swivels! I'm thousands of years ahead of my time!

All I have to do is stamp it "Made in Taiwan"... and my mission in life will be over!

Put your trust in STEEL, Son! Put your trust in THE SWORD!

What can I trust STEEL and THE SWORD to do??

Trust it to get us all KILLED, Conehead, because here comes another Barbiturate horde to do JUST THAT!



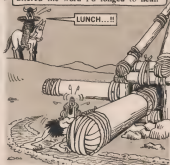
You killed my Father... and beheaded my Mother! You must be Thirsty Goon, The Trouble-Maker!

Close...! I'm Thirsty Goon, the Orphan-Maker!!



"They took me captive, and chained me to 'The Wheel of Pain,' and I pushed it around for many long years. Then, one day, a stranger came... and he uttered the word I'd longed to hear."

LUNCH...!!

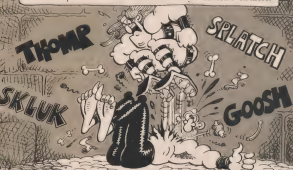


"But he lied to me. He didn't make me lunch. Instead, he decided we'd go out for a sandwich. The trouble was: the nearest deli was 500 miles away."



And he made me run all the way so my body would grow to that of a man. If only my brain had grown at the same rate, I would have had the sense to suggest that we send out. Anyway...

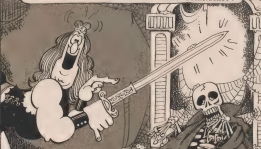
"As luck and a bad script would have it, I was thrown into a fighting pit with a man twice my size. I mustered all my strength and... Hey, I know 'mustered' isn't spelled 'mustard', but I was still thinking about my sandwich! Anyway, I beat him so badly that ketchup spilled all over the place... which reminded me of my sandwich even more."



"The people cheered, and I was some kind of hero. (But that's another movie take-off in this issue!) And it was then that I suddenly knew my destiny. To be in Show Business."



"As I ran from fans, groupies, autograph collectors and other wild animals, I stumbled and fell into a cave. There were skeletons of great warriors there, and one of them had a magnificent sword in his lap. It was the same one my Father had fashioned back in the splash panel, before he was killed. There was no doubt about it! I'd fallen into 'The Cave Of Incredible Coincidence!'"



"Roaming the wilderness, I came across a beautiful lady. Her smile hinted that she also wanted to come across."

Tell me, Cone-head, where are you going?

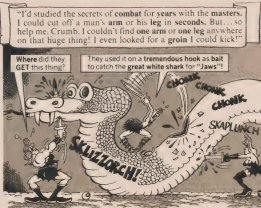
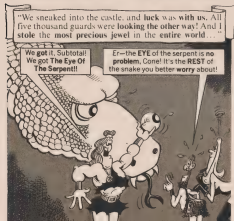
I am coming from the East, and going to the West!

Wow! I love a guy who has his act together!

I seek a symbol—two snakes that face each other!

Hmmm! If figures! A great body... but symbol minded!





"Once outside 'The Tower Of The Serpent,' we revelled in our success... until we were captured by King Osick of Zadora."

That fiend, Thirsty Goon, has my Daughter in his power! I want you to get her back!

Just her back?? What about her front and sides?

You are lucky your sword is sharp, Cone... because your brain couldn't be duller!



"I rode off alone to get all four sides of the King's daughter. Outside 'The Tower Of Power,' I strangled a very small priest and changed quickly into his robe."

Hmmm! It fits perfectly! Thank goodness everyone in this movie wears the same size clothing!

May the ways of Set be your ways, Pilgrim!

Thanks, but I'm already set in my ways!



"My welcome inside 'The Tower Of Power' was less than cordial."

How did you ever see through my clever disguise??

The glasses, fake nose and moustache were convincing enough, but if you were a REAL priest, your squinting flower would have been filled with "Holy Water"... not just plain "Well Water"!?! Rerail, crucify him!!



"I was nailed to 'The Tree Of Woe.' The sun blazed, the temperature was over 110°, my skin blistered and burned, and hungry vultures circled overhead."

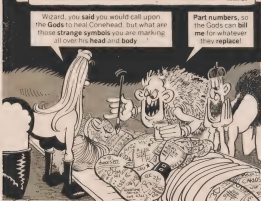
Somehow, I have this nagging feeling that this just isn't going to be my day!



"But Subtotal saved me and brought me to an old Wizard."

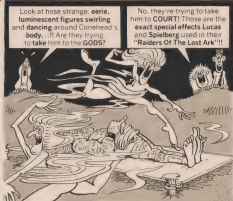
Wizard, you said you would call upon the Gods to heal Conehead, but what are those strange symbols you are marking all over his head and body?

Part numbers, so the Gods can bill me for whatever they replace!



Look at those strange, eerie, luminescent figures swirling and dancing around Conehead's body...!! Are they trying to take him to the GODS?

No, they're trying to take him to COURT! Those are the exact special effects Lucas and Spielberg used in their "Raiders Of The Lost Ark"!!



Look at you, Conehead! A few panels ago, you were at death's door! And now, you've wrecked half a castle, and slaughtered 50 guards!

It's my zest for LIFE that keeps me going!

Come, you're unbelievable!

If you think I'M unbelievable, take a good look behind us at Thirsty Goon! He's using SNAKES for ARROWS!!

Thirsty, why are you using SNAKES for ARROWS?

I'm doing just what you told me to do! You said, "Kill them with boa arrows!"

Thirsty, sweetheart, you misunderstood me! I said "Kill them with your BOW N' ARROWS!"



"We kidnapped the Daughter of King Osick, and escaped from 'The Tower Of Power'. But Malaria didn't make it. She was killed by one of Thirsty Goon's snake-arrows. So we built a huge fire and burned her remains."

Thirsty Doom will see the smoke from the funeral pyre and come with his soldiers! There will be a big battle! And the Gods, who are so wise, will watch us!

Yes...but will they join us??

No! That is why they are so wise!

Crumb, I have never prayed to you before! But now, I ask one little favor! Grant me victory over unbelievable odds, and let the movie audience, for a moment, swallow the absurdity that three people with swords on foot can overcome an army with swords on horseback!



This is for my Father... and this is for my Mother... and this is for my uncle Max... and this is for my Aunt Sophie... and this is for my Cousin Zelda...

Too bad for US he had such a big family!



You can't kill me, Conehead! I have given you reason to live! I am the light in your eye... the love in your heart... the hope in your soul!

You are also the pain in my tush!

So DIE...!!

Conehead! You idiot! This isn't what I had in mind when I predicted that you'd GET AHEAD in this world!



"I returned King Osick's Daughter to him, and my friends and I continued on our adventures. Much honor was heaped upon me along with many more bad scripts, and in time I became a King by my own hand...but that is yet another 'Soon To Be Released Motion Picture-Coming To A Theater Of Woe Near You'... if this bomb makes enough money!"



**HEY, HAIRBALL!!
WE ALREADY TOLD
YOU...! THIS IS
THE BACK OF MAD!**

**MAINLY...THIS IS
THE LAST PAGE
UPSIDE-DOWN!!**

What are you messing around here for?! Turn to the front of the magazine ... and start reading like any normal person! Geeze ... do we have to spell out everything for you?

**WHAT WOULD
BE A VAST
IMPROVEMENT
ON "THE
RIGHT TO
BEAR ARMS"?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

To the chagrin of wildlife lovers everywhere, the Constitutional "right to bear arms" has been used by rifle club members and hunters as their excuse to possess the weapons necessary to carry on their slaughter. For a truly happy and unique MAD solution to the problem, merely fold in the page as shown at the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A)

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B)

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**THE RIFLE CLUB MEMBER AND HUNTER HAS BEEN TAUGHT
TO FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT TO OWN HIS OWN FIREARM
BECAUSE LOSING IT IS ONE OF HIS BIGGEST FEARS**

A)

B)

MAD

CUTS THE BALONEY



...AND SERVES UP ITS OWN NAUSEATING VERSIONS OF...
CONAN THE BARBARIAN & **ROCKY III** & **THE FACTS OF LIFE** ON **SOME KIND OF HERO**

WHAT WOULD
BE A VAST
IMPROVEMENT
ON "THE
RIGHT TO
BEAR ARMS"?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A+B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE RIGHT
TO ARM
BEARS
AMB